



Weak

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Weak by reddiesteady

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Summary:

Stan Uris was a clean cut, rule following kind of boy. Richie Tozier was the opposite. Richie brought him into a world of drugs, parties, and meaningless kisses. He knew it was wrong, he knew he should just walk away and say goodbye to the boy who unwillingly held his heart in the palm of his hand. And if he knew this so well, why couldn't Stan seem to stay away from the one thing he knew would destroy him?

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Author's Note:

AN: this is a song fic based off the song "Weak" by AJR (amazing song btw). The only tw is implications of underage sex, but they are aged up to 17 in this!!

"No thank you" is what I should've said, I should be in bed

But temptations of trouble on my tongue, troubles yet to come

Smoke and the smell of alcohol filled the room as lips connected in a desperate sort of way, heavy and full of passion, hidden so well from the world. This room was the only place this passion existed, fueled by the drink that was slowly killing them, creating false courage and real emotions.

One sip, bad for me

One hit, bad for me

One kiss, bad for me

But I give in so easily

Stan Uris was a clean cut, rule following kind of boy. Richie Tozier was the opposite. Richie brought him into a world of drugs, parties, and meaningless kisses. He knew it was wrong, he knew he should just walk away and say goodbye to the boy who unwillingly held his heart in the palm of his hand. And if he knew this so well, why couldn't Stan seem to stay away from the one thing he knew would destroy him?

And no thank you is how it should've gone

I should stay strong

"We can't do this anymore Richie. I can't do this." he says for the third time this month. He couldn't keep living like this, whispered words in a bathroom stalls, demanding kisses, and heartbreak when

another day passed and Richie denied what they had. "I can't keep pretending to be your friend."

"So don't. But you have to accept that I can't do anything more than this, because not all of us still have hope that love exists and lasts forever."

"Goodbye Richie." Stan says for what he hopes will be the last time.

But I'm weak, and what's wrong with that?

Boy, oh boy I love it when I fall for that

Within days they were back to the usual. Richie pulled him by the arm into the janitor's closet and Stan, per usual, let him.

He was standing too close. He was too close and Stan couldn't breathe because if Stan took a breath he knew he would smell Richie's intoxicating scent, peppermint and cigarette smoke, and be drawn in yet again. Richie hovered over him, lips parted, eyes looking anywhere but Stans, and hands resting on his hips.

"Do you want this?" Richie said in a low voice, close enough now to brush his lips against Stan's, breaking down every defense that Stan had previously put up.

Stan melted into his touch and breathing out a yes . Just like that, they were connected again, a fire spreading between them both, daring them to put it out.

I'm weak, and what's wrong with that?

Boy, oh boy I love ya when I fall for that

I'm weak

"I love you."

"I know."

No thank you

They call me after dark, I don't want no part

My habits, they hold me like a grudge

I promise I won't budge

It was 2 am and Richie was outside Stans window.

He wanted to ignore him. He wanted to turn over and go to sleep and let the boy sit on the roof but he couldn't. Walking over to the window, he unlocked it and went back to the bed, sitting down and watching Richie fumble his way in.

“What do you want, Tozier.”

“I need you Stan. You are the only thing keeping me going right now.” Richie says, his voice broken and eyes red.

“Are you saying what I think you're saying?” Stan says, disappointed at the hope in his voice.

“No, I'm asking for you. I want your smile, your laugh, your love. I want everything that makes you, you. But only for tonight. Stan, be mine until morning.” Richie says, getting closer with every word.

“I always have been yours Richie.”

We, we fall for that

Wake up, we fall again

We, we fall for that

Can't wait to fall again.

The next morning, Stan woke up to clothes sprawled on the floor, sheets dirty, and no Richie. He knew the words Richie spoke in the heat of the night meant nothing. He had finally told Stan he loved him, but Stan knew better. Richie didn't know love, only lust. Stan thought he could change that, showing Richie enough love and care that he would eventually soften and fall in love like Stan had done so long ago. But he didn't.

And in the end, he knew that Ritchie would break his heart, but he was weak for him and there was truly nothing wrong with that.